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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN

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Frederick J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

The switchmen's strike, like almost every other extensive strike in the past year, has resulted in heavy losses to employers and the public and no gain to the strikers. The coal miners alone, of all those workers who have gone out in large numbers, have anything to show for their attempt at tying up the country's industry. The advance in wages that they obtained probably could have been obtained in other ways less expensive to them, to their employers and to the country. But if the lessons learned by labor, by employers and by the public, in the past year, shall result in the elimination of the strike as a means of adjusting differences between employer and employe, perhaps the price is not too great. If the country once could feel safe from industrial disturbances, it might soon reach a state in which there would be no occasion for such disturbances.

The federal reserve banks are taking steps to limit the borrowing of money by individuals and corporations. If some way could be found to get the government out of the loan market, it might improve the financial situation. The war has been over nearly a year and a half and it is time that Uncle Sam began to live within his income. Must the business of the country be hobbled in order to retain an army of useless government employes on their jobs?

Notwithstanding reports of scarcity at record high prices of all kinds of building materials, of new and ever-increasing demands for advances in wages and of high money rates causing cancellations of contemplated building, some estimates of these cancellations, says Bradstreet's, aggregating the sum of one billion dollars, the filing of new plans for building goes on rapidly at most American cities. Reports from 149 cities of the United States show 30,593 permits issued in March providing for the construction of $139,104,195 worth of new building or of alterations. These figures mark an increase of 17.5 per cent in permits and of 155 per cent in value as compared with March a year ago at the same cities.

A general sinking of commodity prices has become a will of the wisp for this country. One or two circumstances favorable to recession may appear but they are quickly offset by counter elements and the student of index tables, says a Guaranty Trust company bulletin, joins the manufacturer, the builder, and the merchant in acknowledging uncertainty as to what the immediate future holds. While the federal reserve board, with reports from all sections of the country in hand, declares that the post-war era of "extravagance and reckless buying" by the public is nearing its end, producers and wholesalers are still pressed to fill orders of all sorts. The railroad strike will certainly have the effect of keeping prices up because of the closing of many plants on account of fuel and raw material shortage caused by lack of transportation.

There seems to be difficulty in inducing men with capital to build dwellings and apartment houses, but none at all in obtaining funds for housing stocks of automobiles. What is needed, apparently, is a car in which a family can live.

Representative Magee of New York has introduced a resolution in congress demanding an investigation of the causes for depreciation in the market value of liberty bonds. The investigation would be made by a special committee of seven members. It is understood that the object of the inquiry will be to discover what influence recent policies of the federal reserve board have had in depressing bond values, and whether or not these policies are in effect a repudiation of definite promises made by the government when the bond issues were floated. The committee probably will find that one of the chief reasons for the depreciated price of liberty bonds is that industrial concerns are offering for sale bonds bearing a much higher rate of interest than that carried by the government's paper. Persons offering liberty bonds for sale, therefore, must compete with these more profitable securities. Safety seems to receive little consideration.

OUR CHEAP DOLLAR.

About the time the armistice was signed we complained about the low purchasing power of the dollar, which was then estimated at approximately 50 cents. Basing calculations on Bradstreet's index number, the figures of the federal bureau of labor statistics and the reports of the Federal Reserve bank of New York and approximating their conclusions, the people of the United States today find themselves with a dollar worth about 35 cents compared with the dollar of 1913.

For this condition almost everybody is seeking both the cause and the remedy. Many blame the profiteers and let it go at that. It is possible that much of the fault lies with the people themselves. They have been extravagant and unproductive. They have received wages which they did not earn and they have spent their income—sometimes their capital—in a market which did not have what they wished to buy.

"The government—national, state and municipal—has set an example of extravagance without parallel in world history. The people generally, with the spectacle of this debauch before their eyes, have followed with no pale imitation, aided as they have been by the receipt of wages undreamed of a few years ago.

The remedy is increased production and decreased extravagance in consumption.

The government must save, the people must save and everybody must get down to work. A further reduction in working hours either in factory, mine or transportation will mean additional hardships for the people at large. Higher wages will be merely an aggravation, for the world needs goods instead of inflated money with which to buy them.

"The explanation of the 35 cent dollar," says the Wollman Review, "is perfectly simple. We have a tremendously increased per capita circulation of money and expansion of credit. We have a greatly lessened per capita production of the things which money and credit buy. We have been making matters worse by spending our increased income in a market relatively less able to meet this growing demand."

Little is heard about the League of Nations these days, or plans to make it an issue in the campaign. It is doubtful that the public can be induced to take further interest in the league. The time for entry of the United States into the covenant has passed as far as regards doing any good. This is evidenced by current events in Europe.

PALMER SEES RED.

It has been characteristic of Attorney General Palmer ever since he entered the cabinet, to cry "bolshevism" and "I. W. W." on the occasion of any disturbance in the ranks of labor. The switchmen's strike has been no exception. Now we have the word of the brotherhood heads, who are in a position to know, that Mr. Palmer's conclusions have no foundation in fact.

The department of justice has been "seeing red" so long, says the Detroit News, that its eyes appear to be out of focus for perfectly natural and logical industrial conditions.

"The government will not shirk its responsibility!" said Mr. Palmer. This again will be recognized as characteristic of Mr. Palmer and of the entire administration at Washington. For nearly a year now the government, thru one official or another, has been announcing that its striking achievement in behalf of labor was immediately imminent. All last summer the president and Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hines of the railroad administration at intervals issued statements of impending improvements which would make higher wages demanded by the railroad employes unnecessary.

President Wilson, particularly, pinned his faith upon a labor adjustment board, and when the Esch-Cummins bill appeared he used it as a reason for deferring decision upon railroad wage demands. "The bill has now become a law," he announced just after signing it, "and the way is now open for immediate action on the wage matters. I am sure that every agency which will be involved in the creation of the labor board and in the conduct of negotiations fully appreciates that the wage demands are entitled to the earliest possible consideration."

That was on February 28. On April 13, in the face of an emergency brought about by the government's procrastination, the president announced his appointments for this labor board.

Mr. Palmer may be right that the government will not "shirk its responsibility." But the conclusion is hard to escape that much of the present hardship, loss and distress might have been escaped if the government had been more prompt in meeting its responsibility and performing its obvious duties.

It remained for Senator John Sharp Williams to draw a parallel between this country and Rome in the time of Caesar. He has charged his Republican colleagues with conspiring to encompass the death of President Wilson. Can any one imagine Henry Cabot Lodge in the rôle of Brutus?

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL *Information Bureau*

FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director.
Washington, D. C.

ABOUT YOUR WATCH.

Washington, D. C., April 17.—A watch is the most delicate bit of apparatus with which the average person is on familiar terms. Some of its screws are so tiny that it is said a thimble would hold 100,000 of them. Its springs and pivots are so fragile that if the watch falls only to the end of its chain they may be injured. Yet most of us are no more careful of the sensitive temperament and complex mechanism of our timepieces than we are of a jack-knife, purse, or anything else that goes in our pockets.

We are inclined to smile pityingly at the poor old Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland" when his watch refuses to go after a liberal dose of butter. "It was the best butter," he remarks sadly. This broad exaggeration seems altogether humorous, but at the same time our own watches may be as glaring examples of unsuitable treatment.

We are told not to drop a baby on its head, but there is no part of a watch's anatomy on which it can fall with safety. If you can count the number of jars and knocks your timekeeper has stood, you know one good reason why you have to reset the hands so often.

Handle With Care.

Then, a good watch doesn't take kindly to being used as a combination tooth cutter and rattle by the baby. It isn't keen on playing tennis, and it is apt to get sulky and keep bad time if you go swimming with it on your wrist. Every three years it needs to be cleaned up and given an oil rub by a capable repairer—not by an amateur with a pin. To various indignities it will submit for a time, according to its workmanship, but eventually it will strike—figuratively, of course—and you may wonder why the trusty timepiece has suddenly gone back on you.

The degree of care your watch deserves depends on its value as a timekeeper. If you merely like to know about what time it is, say within an hour, your watch will stand a certain degree of rough handling, and continue to tell you the approximate time. Unfortunately, however, nobody can tell you just how much you can knock it about before it will succumb.

If you really want your watch to keep correct time, it will pay you to see that your treatment of it follows the rules set down by the time section of the bureau of standards. The first and most important of these is regularity. You should wind it at definite times, preferably in the morning, tho if night is more convenient, it will do almost as well. Winding in the morning is advocated on the ground that the spring can better stand the changes and jolts of daytime use when it is recently wound, but whatever system you choose, stick to it. The habit of absently giving the stem a few twirls whenever you look at the time is bad.

Along the same line of keeping your watch on a schedule is the effect of varying positions. The worst place to wear a watch, if it is worn for practical purposes, is on a swinging chain, where it will bounce about and bang against the furniture. On the wrist is as good a place as any for a woman's watch, the Bureau of Standards says. A man will get the best results, by carrying his timepiece in his pocket, in a chamois case to prevent it from turning over.

Likes Regular Habits.

"Theoretically, the best place for a watch is horizontal," says Mr. Beal, time expert of the Bureau of Standards, "but no one can carry his watch that way in the daytime. The important thing is to keep the treatment uniform—so many hours in a pocket each day and so many hours flat each night. If the treatment is systematic, and the watch will run uniformly, then by regulation you can bring it to a small rate of daily change, and it will stay content.

"A watch will run off several minutes in a few days for two reasons," he continued. "First, if it possesses a large difference of rate in different positions, and second, if it is not kept the same number of hours each day in its customary positions, the error will accumulate.

"A good watch will have about ten or twelve seconds variation between the slowest and fastest rate in any position—dial, dial down, or any vertical position except with the stem down. Quite frequently we are asked to test watches for which the position error is considerably above one hundred seconds a day.

"The bureau of standards says that few people buy a watch intelligently. Americans are obsessed with the idea that accuracy and the number of jewels are the same thing. As a matter of fact, Mr. Beal points out, the quality of a timepiece depends on the amount of special work put on it, and not entirely on the number of jewels.

Jewels in a watch are bearings for the shafts of the wheels, precious stones being used for this purpose because of their extreme hardness. In some watches only the most important bearings are jewels, but higher-priced models are usually full jeweled—that is, all of the bearings are tiny garnets, rubies, sapphires, or diamonds.

What of the Jewels?

This part of the mechanism is important, but no more so than some other parts.

"A well made seventeen jewel watch can keep better time than a twenty-three jewel one," Mr. Beal says, "but most of the twenty-three jewel watches made in the United States receive more attention by the manufacturer than seventeen jewel watches. In fact, the only watches that receive the attention necessary to make them really accurate timepieces are the large-sized watches usually sold as railroad watches.

"The accuracy of which a watch is capable depends to a large extent on the assembling of the parts. The balance wheel must be carefully poised, for example, and the hairspring accurately shaped to a certain size. It is difficult to make a small watch so carefully, but it can be done, and a small-sized man's watch that will keep good time can be bought."

The business man, railroad employe, or any one else who wants a timepiece that he can rely on, is advised to inquire into the accuracy of the watch he is buying, as to its difference of rate in various positions and temperatures. The Bureau of Standards suggests that the purchaser of an expensive watch ask the salesman if it has passed the government test and obtained a certificate, as many manufacturers and dealers send their best watches to the Bureau to be tested, and sell them with their certificates.

Government Time Tests.

The tests mentioned are conducted by the Time Section of the Bureau, beginning each week. Any one can send a watch to be tested, but unless the watch ordinarily keeps good time, it would have small chance of obtaining a certificate. The test lasts nineteen days, and at the end of that time the Bureau returns the watch with a report of its performance, whether it wins a certificate or not. The Time Section asks us to emphasize the fact that it does not clean, oil, or repair watches, but simply gives them a set test for accuracy. The fee for making the test is $1.50.

To pass the temperature test a watch is placed in a glass-walled compartment in which constant temperature is maintained, and is allowed to run for two days each at 50, 72½ and 95 degrees Fahrenheit. To make the readings, a special instrument, called a chronograph, is used, by which the time can be read within a tenth of a second.

To pass the government test, the slowest rate of the watch at any position must not differ from the fastest rate in any position by more than 12 seconds; the rate in dial-down position must not differ from the rate in dial-up position by more than five seconds; the slowest rate at any temperature must not differ from the fastest rate at any other temperature by more than eight seconds, and the rate at the end of the test must not differ from the rate of the beginning by more than four seconds.

The important thing is that the watch run uniformly, as a uniform error can be eliminated by the proper regulation. To avoid giving a certificate to a watch that gains or loses too much, the bureau uses another criterion which specifies that the rate in pendant-up position (held vertical) must not exceed seven seconds.

The owner of a watch that holds its own against all these complications is certainly justified in maintaining that he carries the correct time.

Dorothy Dix Talks

BY DOROTHY DIX
World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

But the Blame Where It Belongs—2.

Always somebody else is to blame. Never he, himself; and his case is hopeless for there can be no reformation for a man who does not admit that his sin is his own, and try to overcome it.

And there are the ne'er-do-wells who stick like cockle burrs on the skirts of every family, and are just as irritating. They are strong, able-bodied men. They have plenty of intelligence. There is no reason on earth why they shouldn't support themselves and their families instead of the balance of us having to do it.

We are forever getting the ne'er-do-well a job, because he always protests that he is anxious for something to do, but before we can draw a long breath of relief, he is back on our hands again. He has lost his position. No fault of his, ever. He found out that the work injured his eyes or back. Or else the job was in an unhealthy place. Or the superintendent singled him out for persecution. Or his conscience wouldn't allow him to do something he was asked to do. Or his wife's mother fell sick and he had to stop and nurse her.

He always has a perfectly good cause for quitting work, and if you start him in a business of his own it ends equally in disaster. It's too rainy or too dry, or a hot summer or a cold winter, or the crops crush him, or there's cyclone or a blizzard, or something that other people survive but that carries him under. But he is never to blame. Oh, dear, no! Sickness, the jealousy of superiors, the capitalistic class, the elements did it. Everything in nature is to blame but himself.

And he is hopeless. He never faces the truth that the reason he couldn't get along with the superintendent was because he was lazy and slack. That the reason he is always the one who is first when a working force is cut down is because he is an indifferent worker, that the reason he can never get along in any business is because he lacks prudence and foresight, pep and ginger, and all the other qualities that make a man pull off a good job in the face of obstacles.

One out of every twelve marriages in this country ends in the divorce courts. Probably 75 per cent of the marriages bring misery and sorrow to the men and women who are tied together, instead of the happiness they expected. Each blames the other, and as you cannot change other people, you can only change yourself, conditions go from bad to worse as the time goes by.

But if husbands and wives had the courage to put the blame where it belongs they might get back the dreams of their youth—a happy home.

Many a man might see that the reason his marriage is a failure is because he is cold and unloving to his wife, he is cross and tyrannical and dictatorial to his children, and he brings nothing home with him but grouches and gloom. And many a woman might face the fact that it is her temper, her extravagance, and her ceaseless nagging that has alienated her husband's affection and wrecked her marriage.

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LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE.

Me and Puds Simkins was taking a wawk this aftirnoon, and we stopped and started to look in the window of a delicatessen store at all the different things in it. Puds saying, I wish we was inside, dont you love the smell of the inside of a delicatessen store?

I like it all rite, I dont love it, I sed, and Puds sed, Hay, I tell you lets wats do, lets go in and ask for sumthing they aint got, like pickled bannanas or sumthing jest for a excuse to go in and smell a wilt.

Wich we started to do, going in and jest standing there smelling till the man came up to us, saying, "Well, boys? Meening wat did we wunt to buy. Being a fat man with a big mushsash to attrack attention away frum his bald hed, and Puds sed, Have you got eny pickled bannanas?

Pickled wat? sed the man.

Bannanas, sed Puds, and the man sed, You must be krazy. And he wawked back to the other end of the store looking as if it wouldent of took mutch more to insult him, and Pude wispered, Lets pertend we're looking erround to see what elts we wunt to buy.

Wich we started to do, Puds saying, O boy, dont that smell grate? Meening the hole store, and I sed, Ive smelt better smells than this. Wich I have, such as stake and onions and flowers, and we kepp on pertending to look erround, and after a wile the man came over agen, saying, Do you kids wunt enything, yes or no?

No, sed Puds, and the man sed, Then take a wawk. Meening for us to get out of the store.

Wich we did.

Evening Story

Checkers and Lightning Smiles.

BY CORONA REMINGTON.

"I'll never get over it—I'll never get over it! What's the use of trying to cure me?"

Corinne Benton turned her young face to the wall and indulged in another delicious bout of weeping. Doctor Westover sat patiently at her bedside until the storm was over. Then he tried to reason with her.

"I'm older than you are, my child, and my experience has proved that most young people run onto the shoals in their first love affair, and ordinarily they get over it with surprising rapidity.

"As to trying to cure you, you have nothing the matter but a little attack of nerves, and a few months of good hard work will straighten them out, so tomorrow we're going to see about taking a business course. I've talked it all over with your parents and they approve most heartily."

Corinne tried to petrify the doctor with one horrible look, but if he was in the least affected he showed no signs, and a minute later gave his patient a hearty handshake and left the room whistling. Indeed, so unimpressed did he appear that the girl began to fear that her features had failed to register the unspeakable disgust she had felt for anyone so hopelessly flippant and heartless. She must be developing facial paralysis or something, she decided.

"All ready!" said the doctor to Corinne a few days later. "We're going down to start that business course this morning. I have a young protege that graduates in medicine this June. He'll be needing an efficient girl around the office, so I'll engage you right now for him. Let's get busy."

"You're a perfect brute, and I just hate you!" Corinne found the energy to stamp her foot with emphasis.

"I guess I can bear up under that, too," said the doctor with unruffled good nautre.

It was a hard fight, but Westover finally won, and as the days went by Corinne was disgusted to notice the return of color to her cheeks. At any rate she thought she would never get over the love tragedy, even if going out in the open did make her look healthy again—diseased bodies are curable but never a crushed soul! As she improved, Doctor Westover saw less and less of his pretty, impetuous little patient. Occasionally he would run across her at the postoffice or on the street, and the change he noted from time to time was always gratifying.

"You're looking fine!" he would tell her heartily.

"But I'll never get over it," she would always reply. "I'll never love another man."

The doctor would smile to himself as he passed on, but Corinne knew nothing of this—old folks have a right to keep a few secrets to themselves.

With June came the zealous young Doctor Mann and the girl was duly installed. He was a big six-foot man who dressed well, spoke rapidly and had a lightning smile which he flashed with frequency and impartiality on all living things. He loved life, he loved people and he was possessed of a keen sympathy.

Naturally, the patients did not flock to his doors immediately and both the young people had plenty of time on their hands. Corinne read a geat deal and dabbled at fancy work, but the doctor had read himself almost into a frenzy for six long years and fancy work was not in his line, so things were decidedly slow for him.

"I say, Miss Benton," he exclaimed one morning, appearing from the inner office, "it's dull as blazes today. Couldn't we go into my consulting room and have a game of checkers?" He looked almost sheepish and very boyish as he stood before Corinne.

"I guess so," she answered, rising. "But I'll never forget him," she declared loyally to herself as she glanced at the lightning smile.

They played checkers a great deal that summer, those two. To be sure, his practice grew steadily, but there were still many hours unfilled, and the young man's mania for checkers became more acute the more he played. It even reached the point where they would get so absorbed that they would fail to keep an ear open for patients in the outer room, and one day they kept Mrs. Connington Flasherby waiting nearly an hour, as she testily informed them when they finally appeared.

"My dear madam," the doctor said suavely. "I'm sorry that you had to wait, but we were attending to an important matter."

That same evening—it was December then—Doctor Westover ran right into his little ex-patient as he started homeward. "Hello there!" he greeted. "Haven't seen you in a coon's age. How are you getting along with Mann?"

"Oh, all right; but I'll never forget him," she ended in her usual way.

"Forget whom?" asked the doctor.

"You know," replied the girl in an injured tone.

"Oh, that other chap," said Westover, appearing to remember. "That's a fact—I'll have to give Mann a hint, because I believe he's beginning to care for you, and it'd be a darn shame to let the poor fellow chase a rainbow."

"No, no! Don't you ever dare!" exclaimed the girl tensely.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because—because it's none of his business," she ended weakly.

"Oh, all right," said Doctor Westover, as he smiled to himself in the dark.

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Dinner Stories

"Mamma, I lost my gum," cried little Harold.

"Hush, darling," she cut him off, then smiled apologetically at her guests.

"Mamma, I lost——" this time the mother, smiling vacantly over her portion of the chop suey lunch, effectively stopped Harold with a sharp pinch of his leg under the table.

When the guests had all gone Harold pouted the explanation: "All I wanted to tell you, mamma, was that I'd lost my gum in your chop suey, but you wouldn't let me finish."

"And you enjoy the moving pictures?"

"Thoroly," replied Miss Cayenne. "But the charm of the human voice?"

"This absence of the human voice is what occasionally charms me. I am sure of not hearing anything that is ungrammatical or improper."

"I bought a new hat for my wife today, and ran all the way back with it."

"What did you run for?"

"I was afraid the styles would change before I got home."

The Woman Who Loved—and Earned

A Modern Story of Home and Business

By JANE PHELPS

THE FIRST DINNER AT HOME.

CHAPTER 86.

"My, but this is good!" Robert had kept his promise to come home early. The dinner was good and he praised it unstintedly. "Where in the world did you learn to cook?"

"I didn't learn. I followed Mary's advice."

"What was that?"

"Common sense and her cook book. When I told her she knew nothing of cooking, she said she could read; that cook books were made to sell, and a lot of other nonsense. So when I said I knew nothing of cooking, she told me to do as she had done."

"Mary's a brick!"

I then told him all Gardner had said about women not knowing how to loaf—businesh women.

"I guess he is right. I never had thought about the loafing part, but I don't believe you business women know how you carry your business with you. You often break right in when you are talking, or even when reading, to say something about a customer, or a hat."

"Isn't it natural to talk of the thing in which one is most interested?"

"Yes—that's where the rub comes, Gerry. When a woman gets so interested in business she can't think or talk of anything else, a man feels as if he were only some sort of needless attachment, and sort of wonders what he is there at all for. There! Don't pay any attention to what I say. This dinner was delicious. Come on. I'll help clear away and we'll go to that little motion picture house around the corner."

"Reward of merit, Robert?"

"Yes, and because of a good dinner making a comfortable feeling animal out of a grouchy man."

"No grouches during our vacation! Remember!"

"All right. I'll do my best to be amiable."

Very happily I cleared the table, Robert helping. Then he insisted upon drying the dishes. I pinned an apron around his waist, and I knew from the very way he jerked it into shape that it was no new experience for him.

"Be sure you wipe them dry," I told him, "especially the knives and forks. We must take good care of Mary's silver."

We both laughed merrily, Mary's silver being nearer pewter than anything else. But at the same time I noticed the easy way Robert dried the dishes. He was neither awkward nor did he make any fuss over doing it, as a man unaccustomed to helping about the house would have done.

"Where in the world did you learn to dry dishes? I can tell you are an old hand, so tell the truth."

I said it gayly, but I felt a little tightening of my throat, and my heart beat a little faster while I waited for his answer. That I knew what it would be, goes without saying.

"Oh, I have dried Marion's dishes a good many times! I rather enjoyed it, because we could talk. Otherwise I should have been in the living room alone while she did them. She never makes company of me, you know."

"Yes, I know." I thought as I said it. "I know more than you think I do." But I would have nothing mar this first day of my vacation, so I added "Now you can help me. I shan't make company of you either."

We soon finished, then went to the show. It was a very good picture and we both enjoyed it. Then after it was over, as it was still early and a lovely night, we took quite a walk before we reached home.

"Hungry, Robert?" I asked. I smiled as I thought how quickly having a place of my own made me think of eating.

"As a bear—tho I suppose I should be ashamed to say it."

"All right, I bought some oysters today. We'll have a nice hot stew."

Robert hung around me while I made it, altho I told him it never would be ready if he didn't go and sit down. I wondered if he had followed Marion around the kitchen. Someway I knew he had, and that she had liked him to do so.

But I said nothing of these thoughts to Robert, and our first day passed off happily—finished up in a "blaze of glory," Bob quoted laughingly as we turned the lights off.

(Tomorrow—A hurt with some solace.)

George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

MY FRIEND—THE DOG.

Treading thru a maze of instinct, all too misunderstood, decade after decade, a certain intelligence of faith and loyalty and service has touched the path of a man's life as has none other of the dumb world.

I am referring to my friend—the dog!

He it is who has learned to think and to understand in the terms of man who is his master. But back to the early days of the chase we must go to understand fully. There was that earliest instinct to kill—for food. Man had it, the dog had it—and has.

But where in all the brute world has there arisen one to cope with the intelligence and feeling and aspiration of a man, as does my friend the dog?

The tiger exists thru stealth, and so does the lion, and the leopard. But the dog gives warning. He scents the mind of his master. He leads. He co-operates.

As no other animal, my friend the dog has bridged the great chasm that divides the intelligence of the lower animals from that of man.

My friend the dog understands. He knows his master. He loves him with an intenseness that is almost sacred. He would gladly die for his master. He often does. Ready at an instant's notice for any emergency, he neither offers nor gives quarter. He is loyalty to the end. His is the fight to the finish.

My friend the dog is a true sportsman and a gentleman among his kind.

But deeper than all else, is his tenderness and affection. You interpret his words in the wag of his tail, in the touch of his nose, in the warmth of his eye.

There are times when I feel that no peace of inspiration is quite equal to that of being all alone with my friend—the dog!

Questions—Answers

Q. Does the Japanese cherry tree bear fruit?—J. V. S.

A. There are two distinct species of Japanese cherries. The tree that bears the wonderful blossoms, which are celebrated in Japan by the Cherry Festival, does not bear an edible fruit. This is the species that has been imported into the United States. Some of the drives along the Speedway of the nation's capital are bordered with them. Japan has a cherry tree that is native to the mountainous districts of the island, which bears a large, delicious fruit.

Q. When did the term "kitchen cabinet" as applied to the unofficial confidential advisers of a president originate?—T. F. D.

A. This term was first applied to a small group of men, during President Jackson's administration. They were not members of his cabinet, but were supposed to have been consulted frequently and to have influenced the president's action and decisions upon many occasions.

Q. What is a tail spin?—G. I. M.

A. A tail spin is the vertical descent of an airplane, nose foremost, rotating about its longitudinal axis, while the nose and tail usually describe circles of concentric paths around the vertical to the earth, the tail describing the larger circle.

Q. Do spiders and flies walk or crawl?—P. P.

A. The Bureau of Biological Survey says that spiders and flies walk.

Q. What should the temperature be for a hot bath and a cold bath?

A. A hot bath may be from 100 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. A cold bath should be between 35 and 60 degrees.

Q. Can you tell me anything about the life of A. Mitchell Palmer?—R. O. F.

A. Alexander Mitchell Palmer was born in Moosehead, Pennsylvania, May 4, 1872. He attended Swarthmore college, from which he graduated in 1891 with highest honors. While in college he helped form a chapter of the national Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, of which President Wilson is also a member. Mr. Palmer married Roberta Bartlett Dixon, of Easton, Maryland, November 25, 1896. Was admitted to the bar in 1892. Member 61st-63d congress, 1909-1915. Appointed judge United States court of claims April 1915; resigned September, 1915; appointed alien property custodian by President Wilson October 22, 1917; made attorney general March 5, 1919. He is a member of the Society of Friends.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Topeka State Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The Bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical, and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your question plainly, and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose two cents in stamps for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

JUST FOLKS.

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE COMMONER.

His name is seldom mentioned in the press,
No medals come to him to mark his fame.
He is not noticed as a world success;
Titles are never added to his name;
Yet he is brave who keeps his post each day,
And truly lives unto the faith he knows,
For oft his fondest plans must go astray,
And he is victim to life's various woes.

The commoner must see his loved ones die,
Must suffer pain and heartache and despair,
Lacking the comforts greater wealth could buy,
He has to give his children double care;
His courage does not flash across men's view,
Yet it is there like gold in rock and stone,
It holds him to the tasks he has to do,
And strengthens him to make his fight alone.

It calls for bravery to face the heat of day,
And toil for love of those who wear your name,
To keep your post of duty, come what may,
And ask no favors from the hand of fame.
To play life's game and miss the thundering cheers,
To serve the world and seek no word of praise,
To give your best thruout your round of years,
And walk erect altho on rugged ways.

Few know the glory and the peace of life,
Nor are they braver than the patient throng,
Who bear the burdens and the hurts of strife,
Content to live and love and plod along;
They miss the soft sweet hours of careless ease,
Yet know the self-same sorrows of the great,
They may not follow fancy as they please,
Yet they must bear the ironies of fate.

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An old lady, in London for the first time in her life, saw a glaring sign on the front of a high building, which read: "The Smith Manufacturing company."

"Lawks a-mercy," she remarked to her nephew, "I've heard of Smiths all my life, but I never knew where they made 'em."

ON SECOND THOUGHT

BY JAY E. HOUSE.
(From Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

We took occasion yesterday to remark upon the complete and mysterious disappearance of Governor Calvin Coolidge. We had seen Governor Coolidge flash like a beacon light on the November horizon only to observe the March winds powerless to fan the embers of his fame into a blaze. The incident set us at the task of tunneling the raminiscent vein. All day we have been resetting fallen brick and replacing rotting pillars in an effort to clear a pathway to the heroes of yesteryear.

One of these was Governor Bass, of New Hampshire, and we hereby dedicate a searching party to his memory. To the editorial desk at which we sat ten years or so ago there came a profusion of publicity from which the name of Governor Bass gleamed like a diamond against a background of blue velvet. Perfumed words scented the parchment upon which the detail of the Governor's hopes and fears and aspirations was written. He had, as we recall it, all of the attributes of Napoleon, of Franklin, of Washington and of Lincoln. Small wonder that our curiosity concerning him still is a trifle piqued! What, we deside to ask, what became of Governor Bass?

Doubtless he was a good man. We don't know. He may very well have risen so far above the level of his kind as to justify the phraseological unguents in which h's press agents wallowed. But the faet of his disappearance becomes a prop under one of our favorite contentions. And that contention is that an unrestrained press agent is the most effective and the most dangerous of the soporifics.

Save and except the New York World, we are as indignant as anybody concerning the manner in which the Socialist members were summarily ejected from the New York assembly. Being less intense than the World, we can never hope to equal the violence of its fury. But what we started to say was that we cannot maintain our present rage indefinitely. We, therefore, announce our intention to cease being indignant on April 15 and our willingness to take up some other wrong beginning about April 20.

And that brings us directly to the matter at hand. What is the nature of the next great wrong which will require newspaper adjudication? Nobody in this country is happy unless he is figuratively engaged in the task of righting a hypothetical wrong, and we should be lost without one.

While the charge, made by her stepsons, that Mrs. Richard Croker is not an Indian princess may influence the court, it will not operate to prejudice the column against her. We have met a number of them, and we hold the allegation that a woman is not an Indian princess is nothing to her discredit.

Of course, the Croker boys make other charges against the lady, but their chief grevivance seems to be that she beat them to the unearned increment.

M. Georges Carpentier may not be able to whip Dempsey. That is a moot question which the future must determine. But he will always have a certain claim to distinction. He is one man who embarked upon the adventure of marriage without temporary loss of either his identity or his personality.

"What does the average American know about the right or wrong of the Fiume dispute?" shrieks the Kansas City Star. Since nobody else has volunteered we'll be the goat. What DOES the average American know about the right or wrong of the Fiume dispute?

We Don't Get It.

Sir—Is the Massachusetts hole to be a subterranean extension of the Washington one? E. W. L.

"I have been reading 'Mare Nostrum,'" writes a woman reader. "The hero reminds me of you." We haven't read "Mare Nostrum." Is the lady "kidding" us, or what have you?

You doubtless will be interested in Upton Sinclair's plan for improving American journalism. We take great pleasure in advising you as to what it is. He wants somebody to start another newspaper.

Mr. Sinclair disclaims any ambition to be its editor. "I have my own work," he says. We take it for granted that Mr. Sinclair will yield to a question. We are one of the comparatively insignificant number who would like to know what it is.